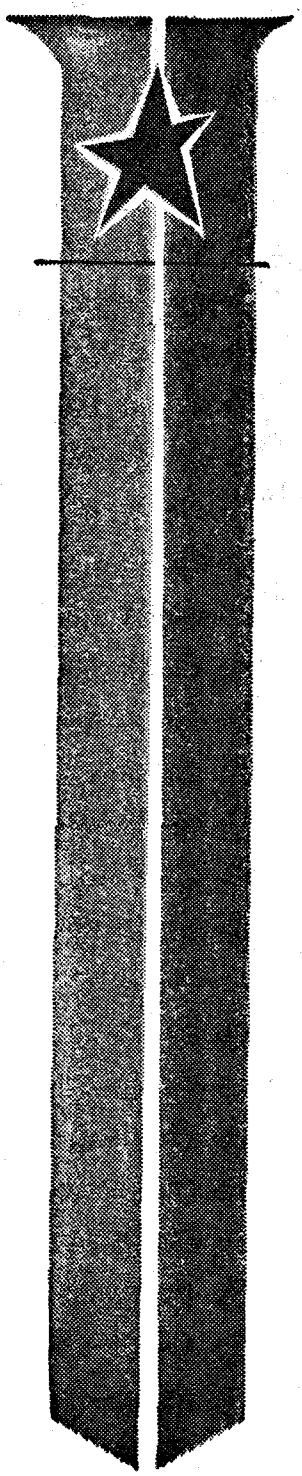
THE NATION

May 18, 1963 . . 25c



The Kennedy Proposal

New Frontiers for Mental Health

Martin B. Loeb

CAN HAITI BE HELPED?

Roch L. Mirabeau

The Politics of Air Pollution

Charles Schaeffer

Mountaineers: Dilettantes of Suicide

David Cort

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LETTERS

Biting the hand

U. S. Army Base, Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: Apropos of your excellent editorial "What to do with Othello?" [April 20], I should like to add one further observation. As two-year Army people (my husband is a physician) stationed in Puerto Rico, we have become acutely aware of the large dependent and retired population that is nurtured till death by the Army. This includes not only all buying privileges, but also free medical care and fairly adequate pensions. We have been intrigued with the obvious contradiction in the fact that they receive more benefits from government than perhaps any other group in American society, and the fact that they support right-wing groups which decry any sort of government interference.

Deborah Feinbloom

Poet's plaint

Ithaca, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: I suggest that Hayden Carruth ["Poets Without Prophecy," April 27] is attributing the inadequacies of editors to writers! The fact is that for the past decade, *Poetry* has acted as a reactionary influence on American poetry; it has contributed to the sad state of affairs Mr. Carruth describes. If American poets were offered a chance to sign a petition to establish a more responsible editorship, perhaps a rotational one, I believe that only a few would not sign. Such a magazine should not be used, many feel, for the kind of careerism the present editor demonstrated when he published in the magazine's Fiftieth Anniversary Issue five pages of his own poetry (along with Conrad Aiken, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams); a magazine with *Poetry's* history should be employed in a responsible manner to publish the best work being written in this country.

David Ray

Labor's leisure

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Wakefield's report ["Labor Shudders at Leisure," April 20] that union men don't want the workweek reduced below forty hours and don't want any more free time to watch television is the most encouraging information I've had about my fellow countrymen in a long time. And if no one else will tell them they don't have to become culture vultures, but can go on being workingmen, I will.

The problem is not an oversupply of workers, but a disproportion between the financial compensation for kinds of work which too many people want and kinds which too few people want. It would be ironic, indeed, if the workweek for factory workers were to be cut to absorb all such workers in half-jobs while nurses, teachers, automobile mechanics and tailors were in short supply and required to work overtime—and at the same time these factory workers were drawing more pay for their shorter hours than nurses draw for longer hours. Not every factory worker, presumably, is qualified to absorb the training required for some of these other jobs. They are not all subnormal, however. Many would have gone on to school and filled jobs that require more schooling if truck-driving hadn't paid more than teaching, for example.

Rearranging matters will take thought and work, of course. These labor statesmen who love big plans should relish it. And it's far more worthy of their efforts than the downright immoral program of selling honest workingmen on playing games while there's work to be done and the rest of us still have to do it.

Helen Bugbee

Peace collection

Two Rivers, Wis.

Dear Sirs: I am collecting books, pamphlets, periodicals, pictures and miscellaneous materials on peace. Readers interested in sending me such material may do so c/o Joseph Mann Library, Two Rivers, Wis.

Lee H. Gregory, Librarian

Small pickin's

Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs: While Fred J. Cook's article, "Foundations as a Tax Dodge" (April 20), correctly pinpoints how radical rightists use tax-free foundations to carry on their programs, the real tragedy is that the only group which has come under fire from the Internal Revenue Service is the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR). Tax-exempt since 1926, FOR was notified in January of this year that its exemption had been removed; according to the Internal Revenue Service, its work for peace, disarmament, racial integration, etc., is political, not religious in character.

Compared to some of the rightist foundations, FOR's income is peanuts. What taxes the IRS will collect from it can only be nominal—but will virtually strangle FOR. There are other liberal foundations which might be endangered by this proceeding, including such groups as the tax-exempt League for Industrial Democracy.

Why did the IRS choose such small potatoes as FOR to pick on? Some of the rightist foundations, flagrant in their non-charitable, non-religious activities, would yield a great deal more money.

James Williams

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The Nation, May 18, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 20

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: **The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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Why Not Enforce the Law?

Everybody feels bad about Birmingham. The police feel bad, because for them race conflict involves extra duty, bad publicity and the necessity of manhandling women and children as well as male adults. The Birmingham firemen can't enjoy pinning children to walls with high-pressure fire hoses and, when the stream is turned aside, seeing them fall bleeding to the ground. These are only colored children; still, the firemen would probably rather be fighting fires. The Negroes don't like to be bitten by the canine members of the police force and to be lodged in jail for trying to assemble peacefully and petition for a redress of grievances. Senator John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.) terms the use of dogs against human beings "reprehensible" in a Senate speech full of unhappy overtones. President Kennedy is perhaps the most miserable of all. The pictures of a police dog attacking a Negro made him "sick." He added, figuratively, that Ed Murrow, who has the job of expounding America's virtues to the world, must already have gone to the hospital.

But, says Mr. Kennedy, the government is doing all it can legally do. On this point *The Nation* presumes to offer Mr. Kennedy some legal advice which may relieve his sad state. Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.) points out that the officers of the federal government have the duty to protect Americans in the exercise of their constitutional rights — including protection against infringement of those rights by state authorities. The U.S. Code does in fact provide that U.S. marshals are empowered to make arrests when crimes against federal law are committed in their presence. Under the same code, it is a crime for any person, under color of local law, to deprive citizens of rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution. Still another section makes it a crime for persons to "conspire" to deprive citizens of their rights under the Constitution.

The President and the Attorney General are not enforcing the law. That — and not police dogs or electric-prod sticks used on Negroes instead of on cattle — is at the root of the trouble. The President and the Attorney General enforce some laws, but in the face of the laws which give inalienable rights to Negroes, exactly the same as to whites, they profess to be impotent. The longer this situation is allowed to continue, the worse the atrocities will get. Alabama would already be using the lethal techniques of race repression of the Union of South Africa if Alabama's officials dared. The fact that they don't dare indicates some residual sanity which will emerge when they are confronted by the power of the federal government. Sooner or later the federal government must intervene; no government worthy of the name can long permit constitutional rights to be so crassly violated as happened in Birmingham last week. If there are riots, the President will feel even sicker than he feels now. The remedy lies in the Chief Executive's hands; let him use it. This should not be too hard for a President who has counseled courage as eloquently as has Mr. Kennedy. If unarmed Negroes can face police dogs, surely armed U.S. marshals can. It will not be pleasant, it will lose some votes, but time is running out.

Sugar as a Weapon

"Mr. President," intoned Senator Tower (R., Tex.), "it would appear that the Soviet Union is successfully and cleverly waging economic warfare against the free world." What the Communist miscreants are doing, he explained to a silent and largely empty chamber, was "buying sugar at below the market price, selling it at the market price, and making a substantial profit." It was, the scholarly Senator concluded, a vicious revival of mercantilism, Soviet style, and something must be done. But he didn't say what.

The sugar-market situation is indeed a cause for laughter on Olympus—and in Moscow. The United States has never tried to purchase sugar inexpensively; with a tender regard for the welfare of the domestic beet-sugar producers, it has in effect administered the price. Another beneficiary was Batista and later (but not for long), Castro. When Castro turned out to be unmanageable by the usual forms of suasion, his sugar quota was cut off. The Communist bloc (and Red China) thereupon contracted for Cuban sugar. This was regarded with glee by the statesmen in Washington: the Communists would drown in sugar, of which there has always been a surplus on the world market. The wicked would be punished, and the United States would get its sugar from the freedom-loving dictatorships eager to sell at the supported price.

It did not work out that way. The Kennedy Administration has inherited still another grievous frustration from the Eisenhower administration—grievous because there is too much old stuff in the New Frontier. With the Soviets buying raw sugar from Castro at 4c a pound, the price has shot up to 8c and may go still higher. This has, and will have, domestic repercussions. The housewife has found herself paying 20c more for a ten-pound bag of sugar than she was paying in February. Food processors and soft-drink bottlers are congregating in their trade associations and trying to decide what should be done. The 10c candy bar seems in danger of further shrinkage, for not only is sugar escalating, but also cocoa. Since the United States consumes some 10 million tons of sugar a year, about two-thirds in the form of processed or manufactured products, the economics of sugar is no picayune matter. And since it is a safe bet that the consumption will not decrease, the cost of living will be somewhat affected, and the blame will fall on the Department of Agriculture and the President. Nor will this be far off the mark, for in 1962 the Adminis-

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tration insisted on tying the U.S. price to the world price, in the expectation that the world price would be lower. Instead, the world price has gone through the ceiling.

The discomfiture of the American consumer and the successful speculation of the Soviets in sugar futures could, to be sure, be curbed by a change in U.S. policy. We could make a start in normalizing relations with Cuba by restoring part of its pre-Castro sugar quota. Castro could then buy goods from us, which might be something of a help in our next recession. He would also stop selling sugar to Khrushchev at 4c a pound, and Cuba would no longer be nearly as much of a Soviet satellite as it is now. Many other blessings might flow from such a *démarche* but, with Mr. Kennedy defending himself against the charge that he is not sufficiently tough on Castro, it is the stuff that dreams are made of. That being so, Senator Tower must somehow reconcile himself to Soviet mercantilism.

Winds of Change

Events in Birmingham and elsewhere in the country have thrown into stark relief the shallowness of the Kennedy Administration's civil-rights policy. They have also put increasing pressure on Northern Congressmen and Senators; both Democrats and Republicans have been put on the spot. The pressure is beginning to show results, even if small.

On the first day of this month, "Law Day," Senator Javits asked the Senate to approve an amendment to the supplemental appropriations bill for fiscal 1963 which would have denied funds appropriated for the Farmers Home Administration to any state in which the program discriminates against American citizens on the basis of race, creed or color. The New York Senator pointed out that, although the appropriation was relatively small—$1,222,900—the program was of great significance to anyone who wanted to purchase his own farm. Javits' amendment was defeated, but by a surprisingly narrow margin: 47 to 38.

The previous day, Congressman William Fitts Ryan proposed two amendments to the Health, Education and Welfare appropriation bill for fiscal 1964 which would have denied federal funds appropriated under the Impacted Areas Program and the Hill-Burton Hospital Construction Act to any school district or hospital facility which discriminated against individuals on the basis of race, creed or color. Ryan cited a 1962 House Education and Labor Committee report on the Impacted Areas Program which showed that in 1961, 63.6 per cent of the money allocated under the program to Southern and border states went for segregated schools. In support of his hospital-construction amendment, Ryan told the House that "in fiscal 1962, alone, $36,755,944 was allocated for 103 facilities which discriminated against American citizens on the grounds of color." Ryan's amendments were defeated, as expected, but he received the support of more than a quarter of those voting.

Both the Javits and Ryan amendments represent only an initial reaction to the increasing pressure in behalf of civil rights. A group of liberals in the House are beginning to discuss among themselves ways and means to force the Administration to respond to the winds of change sweeping the country.

Italian Elections

Rome

For a long time it had been taken for granted that Italy's Christian Democratic Party was as infallible as the Pope and just as firmly entrenched. This concept rested largely on the theory that, ever since the Hungarian uprising, Italian left-wing forces have been in retreat. The recent elections show that both concept and theory are false.

The Communist Party gained a million votes over its 1958 total, increasing its lower-House (*Camera*) seats from 140 to 166 and its Senate seats from 65 to 85. The Christian Democrats, on the other hand, lost about 750,000 votes, their *Camera* representation dropping from 273 to 260. Their Senate losses were somewhat smaller.

Most of the Christian Democrats' loss was, as expected, picked up by Signor Malagodi's rightist Liberal Party—the party of the northern industrialists—which increased its parliamentary seats from 17 to 39. Malagodi's campaign was directed chiefly against Christian Democratic Premier Fanfani's Center-Left experiment; i.e., the concept of a Christian Democratic government leaning for support on the Nenni (left-wing) Socialists. The Italian Right assumes that Nenni has never really broken away from the Communists; nor, they say, can he ever do so.

The elections were a severe defeat for Fanfani, but they were also a defeat for Nenni. The only victor in the so-called "Center-Left coalition" was Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Social Democratic Party, which jumped its parliamentary representation from 22 to 33.

There is no doubt that the ambiguous nature of the Fanfani-Nenni alliance brought about their defeat. Apparently the Italian electorate is tired of corridor negotiations and wants clear-cut policies. Nenni's party has never succeeded in ridding itself of an extreme left-wing, pro-Chinese, current, a factor hardly conducive to votes in favor of collaboration with the Christian Democrats. Moreover, for the first time, Nenni felt the full weight of Communist attack; heretofore, it was always said that Communist leaders told workers they could vote *either* Communist or Nenni Socialist. This time, the party went out on its own—and in a big way.

The Fanfani government needs 316 votes in Parliament for a majority; with the present Center coalition, it can muster no more than 300. The confused situation may well lead to a new course in Italian politics. One of the fundamental problems is whether Nenni, in his weakened position, will be able to continue his dialogue with the Christian Democrats. On the other hand, Saragat's victory puts him in a stronger position to negotiate a "Socialist reunification" with Nenni.

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One should not forget the significance of Togliatti's victory in the context of the international Communist situation. All these years, Togliatti has continued to favor the advancement of communism by *parliamentary* means. Years ago he solemnly renounced the violent road to power, and in this he exerted considerable influence over Khrushchev and the ideological pronouncement of the Twentieth Congress. By the same token, his stand has been anathema to the Chinese, who only a few weeks ago were accusing him of indulging in "parliamentary idiocy" instead of erecting barricades. Had Togliatti received a severe electoral setback, the Chinese and Albanians would have been exultant. As things turned out, the "Khrushchev line," as opposed to the more aggressive Peking line, has received a strong boost.

—Bruce Renton

Defenseless America

Just as in America the beautiful many citizens feel free to throw old tires into brooks, the great corporations that make our lives a technological heaven feel free to poison the environment — in a reasonable way, of course. They avoid poisoning it to such an extent that people will fall down in the streets, sue for damages, or write letters of complaint to the management, but there is no objection to a *little* poisoning, even if it is cumulative and will ultimately amount to a great deal. What will happen in ten years, or in the next generation, is of as little concern to the corporation as the consequences of deforestation were to the lumber interests of the nineteenth century.

Elsewhere in this issue (page 421), Charles Schaeffer discusses the way in which our air is being poisoned. Water pollution, of course, is an even older phenomenon, and is not regarded very seriously except when people get typhoid. A particular variety of water pollution, however, is now getting some attention — that of washing-machine detergents. Detergents are a $900 million industry and the manufacturers are among the biggest advertisers. Their product, however, does not merely clean clothes; the residues get into the water supply of about 10 per cent of the population, which is becoming unusually vocal about its troubles. Instead of pure, sparkling water coming out of the faucets, every glass is covered with a head of foam; but it isn't beer and though it may be harmless, it isn't potable, either. The trouble is that the standard detergents do not decompose after they have done their work in the automatic washer, but pass right through septic tanks and sewage-disposal plants, in varying degrees. The guilty ingredient used in most detergents is an oil-cracking chemical, alkyl benzene sulfonate, and even in the best sewage-disposal systems it may take weeks or months to decompose. The detergent companies are looking for a suitable substitute, but their chemists say it will be three to five years before they can come up with one.

Rep. Henry Reuss (D., Wis.) and Senator Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) are in more of a hurry. They have introduced legislation banning importation or movement in interstate commerce of detergents of the current "hard" types, the ban to go into effect in 1965. In West Germany, where detergent chemistry largely had its inception, soluble detergents are already available and the law provides that by 1964 all detergents must be 80 per cent decomposable. If the Germans can do it that soon, why can't we?

Just for Dancing

From out of the West comes happy news. Civil defense can do some good after all. Communities which have given it up as futile or are trying to make a go of it in the face of public apathy, have only to follow the example of Weaverville, California. An old lumber town with a well-adjusted population of 2,000, Weaverville has one of the fanciest civil-defense centers in California, and is making good use of it — for square dances and other social events.

The way it all began was that the old social hall of Weaverville burned down five or six years ago. The insurance company paid $69,000. Presumably this would have sufficed to rebuild the equivalent of the lost building, but at this point the federal government decided (or perhaps some enterprising citizens of Weaverville suggested) that the town needed a civil-defense headquarters, lest freedom perish from the earth. The protection thus afforded would extend over the whole county (population 60,000) and was worth $69,000 to the federal government. With $138,000 at their disposal, the federal and local officials built a sumptuous structure, like the ones you see pictured in *House & Home*. It has big, plate-glass areas, not especially fitting a civil-defense headquarters, but giving a feeling of openness and enjoyment — exactly the kind of feeling the citizens of Weaverville seem to think they are entitled to in their journey through life, which apparently they feel will not be cut short by the impending nuclear holocaust.

So the people danced and were happy. But the CD officials were not only unhappy, but indignant. They remonstrated with E. Rex Riley, the county's civil-defense director, who was not impressed. His insouciance may be accounted for by previous service as a career civil-defense official. The State Disaster Office demanded that either there should be less dancing and more civil defense, or Weaverville should refund the federal government $69,000. Riley retorted that Weaverville was in good shape as far as CD was concerned; that, for example, he had $400,000 worth of government surplus, such as radios and radiological monitoring equipment. Sure, some of it was junk, but he had it, and he had trained some workers in the use of those items which were usable. As for refunding $69,000: "Can't do that," Riley said pithily. "We don't have that kind of money to repay."

The dances go on. A *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter (and *Nation* contributor) named Jack Foisie told the story. It warrants study by other communities from coast to coast that would like to relieve the gloom, tedium and frustration of civil defense as they have known it.

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Background to Chaos

CAN HAITI BE HELPED? . . . . . Roch L. Mirabeau

For many years Haiti was practically unknown to most Americans beyond the fact that it is populated by Negroes, is extremely poor and far behind most Latin American countries. Some American tourists have returned from Haiti with tales of voodoo practices which supposedly include everything from innocent dances to magic spells and human sacrifices. Others proudly show their friends art and handicraft by the "natives." But even this familiarity with things Haitian is limited primarily to Americans in such cities as Miami, Florida, and New York.

This lack of knowledge—and the lack of interest it seems to betray—has not been without cause. Little of what has taken place in Haiti has affected world affairs in any tangible way. Further, no major event has occurred in the country since the Concordat, the 1864 treaty with the Vatican establishing the Roman Catholic religion as the state religion and providing for the education of youth, by various religious orders, in schools partly financed by the State. The only noteworthy event before this treaty was Independence Day, January 1, 1804, when the country freed itself from French rule.

Since the conversion of Cuba to Marxism-Leninism, however, the eyes of Americans have gradually turned in the direction of Haiti. Because the main characteristic of Haitian politics is that violence follows violence with astonishing regularity, one quite naturally wonders if the next Communist target in the Western Hemisphere will be Haiti. This sudden interest has prompted several editorials in American newspapers and magazines; for example, a recent article in *Life* showed various scenes of "Life in Haiti" as it is being endured by the oppressed people.

Needless to say, life in Haiti goes beyond such illustrations. For, if it is true that far too many Haitians are without education or wealth, it is also true that there are many who are educated, have substantial means by American standards and live in daily awareness of their country's problems.

What is these Haitians' own estimate of the present situation? Do they consider the United States a friend or a foe? Can they help their own country? If so, how can they be assisted in their efforts to help themselves?

Even the most objective reporting about Haiti generally earns the United States Government more hatred than love from many Haitian leaders. Such a reaction may puzzle Americans, but the explanation is simple. In a country which has seldom, if ever, known a free press in nearly 160 years of independence, it is almost inconceivable (by Haitian standards) that such an article as *Life's* could have been written and circulated without the "complicity" of Washington. In line with this reasoning, it is incomprehensible to them why the poverty of the country is held against it. "*Pauvreté n'est pas vice*," is a favorite French proverb.

Yet, one might ask, why is it that such chronic poverty exists? The evidence points accusingly to a long history of mismanagement and poor leaders. However, many Haitians tend to group the causes for their troubles as follows: (1) the United States; (2) inept Haitian governments and (3) fate. Let us analyze these attitudes in turn.

Many Haitians believe that the United States, overtly or covertly, has contributed in no small measure to their miseries. Haitian leaders consider that U.S. financial interests were the chief beneficiaries of American occupation of the country from 1915-1934. To the argument that some good (in the form of internal stability and much progress in education, agriculture, public works and health) was left behind by the Marines, opponents retort that they also left a bill for nearly $40,000,000.

The leaders recall the unjustified occupation by force of La Navase, a small Haitian island with abundant phosphate deposits off the southwestern coast of Haiti. This occurred in the nineteenth century and has never been forgotten. The chronic ineptness of successive Haitian governments and the absence, at the time, of a world body similar to the United Nations, prevented an effective denunciation of the occupation. No compensation was ever received for La Navase. While the peasants or "*cacos*," whose revolt was suppressed by the Marines in 1917, remember the murderous machine guns, sophisticated Haitians choose to think of the La Navase incident as a truer expression of United States intentions. It is their Alamo. "*Baille coup blié, porté marque songé*," ("He who strikes the blow may forget, the receiver never does") says a Créole proverb. As a young Haitian boy, I learned in school that the "America for Americans" of the Monroe Doctrine meant "America for United States Americans."

Of course, Haitians have also blamed their own governments for their miseries. In the minds of many, their corrupt leaders, often supported by the United States Government, have been but the executors of the will of their strong patron. Elie Lescot, a former Ambassador to Washington, was "elected" Haiti's President while claiming the support of the United States. His campaign song included the words, "Roosevelt tells us to support Lescot." When he was overthrown in 1946, everyone who had in any way advocated friendship with the United States, either as a national expedient or out of a sincere admiration for the country of Lincoln, became the object of an insidious campaign of character assassination.

Once, Haitians lived in constant fear that any revolt against an inept government would quickly be countered by a Marine landing from U.S. warships. "The whites will land," admonished those elders who in 1917 had witnessed the savage repression of the equally savage revolt of the peasants. Ironically, today the sons of these same peasants are pictured as passive and "too miserable to react even to [the] spectacle" of an animated Mardi

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Gras parade, as *Life* put it. Perhaps, some cynic might suggest, their spirit of resistance to tyranny was permanently broken in 1917.

The fact is that too often in the past the United States has managed to give the impression of being on the side of unpopular and notorious Haitian scoundrels who, however, knew enough English to have impressed an avid American reporter or a bored official observer with their "deep desire to lead Haiti on the road to progress." Washington's hasty diplomatic recognition of such men has served only to confirm the suspicions of many honest Haitians about the professed good intentions of the American giant.

To put it bluntly, relations between Haiti and the United States have never been good. There seems to exist a basic lack of mutual sympathy between them. It is natural for Haitians not to be attracted to the United States, for their only contact with Americans on a national scale was during the 1915-34 occupation. On the other hand, it is natural for the United States not to like Haiti because of the surprisingly anarchic state of affairs that has prevailed in the island country since 1804. Born of violence, Haiti has an almost uninterrupted history of violence in reaction to violence. Such lack of order and progress is instinctively repulsive to Americans, who cannot reasonably be blamed for it. In 1934, after the withdrawal of the Marines, there was nothing to prevent Haitian leaders from building on the solid foundation left by the occupation forces.

In the main, U.S. help seems to have benefited the governments, rather than the people, of Haiti. The assorted old weapons received as "foreign aid" are for the convenience of the government, and it uses them in maintaining itself in power. Perhaps military aid is the only kind Haitian governments have ever requested. Whatever the reason, the Haitian people seem not to have shared in the largess distributed in so many quarters of the globe by the United States since World War II. Haitian per capita income, education, health and other statistics have not changed very much in the last two or three decades. Woefully inadequate cadres are in charge of most social enterprises. Education badly needs reforms, but because of the natural touchiness of Haitian educators about their "system of education," and also because of the strong influence of the French clergy, large-scale assistance to Haitian education by the United States is taboo. Meanwhile, Haitian governments traditionally utilize the help received from the United States to keep the people in line and use American money to maintain their means of oppression.

But for some Haitians foreign wickedness and local tyranny are not the only cause of their woes. *"Madichon Dessalines"* ("The curse of Dessalines") is sometimes vaguely blamed. Dessalines is less well known to most foreigners than Toussaint Louverture. Toussaint, a black General in the French Army who dared to give an independent constitution to the colony, was overpowered by an expedition of Napoleon's best troops. Having agreed to an armistice, he was kidnaped by the French negotiators and deported to France, where he died in prison. Less trusting Dessalines, on the other hand, continued to fight, using guerrilla tactics. Eventually, he forced the French to evacuate the island. In fact, his military victory (1803) is the only real glory to the credit of the country. He became Haiti's number one hero, its first Chief of State (Emperor) and is honored in *"La Dessalinienne,"* the Presidential march which always follows the Haitian national anthem. Dessalines was ambushed and assassinated by his own Army officers near Port-au-Prince in 1806.

"Madichon Dessalines," then, reflects the uneasy conscience of a nation which murdered its liberator and first ruler less than three years after Independence Day, setting a precedent for the use of violence as the means for solving national crises. *"Madichon Dessalines"* is Haiti's own way of saying that no suffering can be too great for expiating its original crime. Indeed, the country seems to have developed an attitude of resignation to suffering. Suffering is the only thing it has ever known.

But only the politically blind would call the assassination of Dessalines a bad turn of fate. It was, in truth, the inevitable climax of a situation which Americans would best understand by imagining an illiterate, over-ambitious George Washington surrounded mostly by men without respect for authority or any experience in administration, and with little vision of the future.

Can Haiti be helped? Yes, of course. But by whom? The United States?

To some cynics, it would be unreasonable of Haiti to expect much help from the United States Government against local tyrants; for, it is argued, only tyrants protect the profitable American enterprises in Haiti. Granting U.S. investments in Haiti are but a very small part of total American interests abroad, they are very important to the companies involved, and these companies have great influence in Washington. That, it is asserted, explains why the United States quickly extends recognition to any *de facto* government which offers "to respect all international agreements and protect investments."

Can Haiti be helped by the United Nations, then? Few Haitians consider UN policy toward Haiti to be any more than an extension of U.S. policy. Anway, outside intervention —even by the UN—would be extremely unpopular with the 10 to 15 per cent of the population which must be counted upon for leadership.

Can Haiti be helped by the American people? Turning directly to the American people is not feasible. Haiti does not have in the

"Give it to me straight, Doctor— how long have I got?"

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United States a well organized, prosperous minority group comparable to those of Poland, Hungary, Germany or Italy. As stated earlier, the average American knows little about Haiti beyond Toussaint Louverture, voodoo and misery. Americans tend to bundle both the government and the unfortunate people of Haiti into a single useless, futureless group of untouchables.

Turning toward the Communists obviously would not work. As *Life* wrote, "Even the Communists do not want Haiti." Not just because of its poverty (China was poor), but for other reasons as well—reasons based on ethnology, culture and geography. Haiti's Communists would be primarily French-speaking Negroes without much intercourse with, or influence on, the rest of Latin America. And although a takeover of the country by the Communists would be ridiculously easy, it would, of necessity, be a terminal project. And if it comes to terminal conquest, the Communists certainly can find more attractive targets than Haiti.

Indeed Haiti has no one but itself to turn to. Large-scale help from outside should *follow*, not *precede*, the thorough housecleaning that is needed in practically all phases of Haitian national life.

What can Haiti do for itself?

I am convinced that once democratic processes have been successfully established in Haiti, and a free press (with adequate libel laws to prevent abuses) has been guaranteed, many good Haitians will come forward to serve their country. Replacing the Army with a system of municipally controlled police—Haiti neither needs nor can afford an Army—should release 40 to 50 per cent of the national budget for such projects as schools (including a school of administration), mobile health clinics, agricultural developments and a bank to finance crafts and modest manufacturing projects. With some retraining, Army officers could easily be oriented into a merchant marine or civil aviation. Graduates of the School of Agriculture should be helped to operate farms of their own.

What role would the United States play in such a rebirth of Haiti? A simple but very important one. First, the United States could, the next time the opportunity presents itself, refuse to recognize any *de facto* Haitian government until free elections are held, a free press is allowed and the Army has been replaced with municipal police controlled by city commissions. Supervision of the reforms by the United Nations could be requested. (If this be interference, may I be allowed to recall that Haitians have known enough interference in their affairs not to resent such an honest, last-ditch effort to save them from anarchy and self-destruction.)

Secondly, the United States could issue a declaration of principles which would serve to reassure the democratic forces in Haiti that their aims and aspirations do weigh more in the opinion of the Department of State than the promise by a usurper "to respect international agreements and protect foreign investments."

For the United States, it would be one more choice *for* principles and *against* expediency. The realities of world politics being what they are, such choices are sometimes painful. However, it is a choice that must be made if such a project as the Alliance for Progress is to be an alliance of nations and not merely an alliance of governments.

MENTAL HEALTH: New Frontiers . . . Martin B. Loeb

New frontiers are evidently hard to find, but President Kennedy has certainly found a couple in his approaches to mental illness and mental retardation. In the President's message to Congress on February 5, he described these health and social problems as "deserving of a wholly new national approach."

New frontiers are derived from old, and in the message the President restated old, still unsolved problems. We need research, he said; "we must seek out the causes of mental illness and of mental retardation. . . ." Further, he noted that we need more and better trained personnel. Then he called for strengthening and improving "programs and facilities serving the mentally ill and the mentally retarded."

Up to this point, the President was standing on the same frontier as were Benjamin Rush, Dorothea Dix and Clifford Beers. What is relatively new — new enough to cause much argument in the psychiatric professions — is the way in which Mr. Kennedy went on to take for granted that we now know enough to deal with mental illness as a treatable disease and that there are measures to be taken which can reduce the seriousness of the disorder. The President said:

> *I propose a national mental-health program to assist in the inauguration of a wholly new emphasis and approach to care for the mentally ill. This approach relies primarily upon the new knowledge and new drugs acquired and developed in recent years which make it possible for most of the mentally ill to be successfully and quickly treated in their own communities and returned to a useful place in society.*
>
> *These breakthroughs have rendered obsolete the traditional methods of treatment which imposed upon the mentally ill a social quarantine, a prolonged or permanent confinement in huge, unhappy hospitals where they were out of sight and forgotten. I am not unappreciative of the efforts undertaken by many states to improve conditions in these hospitals, or the dedicated work of many hospital staff members.*

What, we may ask, is so new? The fact is, as I see it, that even the most enlightened approaches to mental illness in the Freudian and immediately post-Freudian eras have had much influence, but little

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Martin B. Loeb, Professor of Social Work at the University of Wisconsin, is working on studies of mental hospitals and community mental-health clinics. His books include Who Shall Be Educated? *(with W. Lloyd Warner and Robert Havighurst), and in 1951 he shared with Drs. Jergen, Ruesch and others at the University of California the Hofheimer award of the American Psychiatric Association for a study of* Duodenal Ulcers.

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visible result. In this same half-century, the least enlightened — or "asylum" — position has developed an increasingly benevolent type of custodial care. This theory holds that most mentally ill people in mental hospitals will be there for a long time — many even for a lifetime — and, within budgetary limits, their life in the institution ought to be as comfortable, happy and productive as possible.

In the so-called enlightened or psychotherapeutic approach there have developed some notions about the causes and dynamics of mental illnesses—primarily the psychoses. These causes are seen as those defects in the basic interpersonal relationships (parent-child, sibling-sibling, husband-wife) which lead to distortions in the intrapsychic mechanisms. The distortions appear as undesirable adaptations, or psychotic symptoms, and the way to treat them is to get to the basic causes—that is, the *early* and therefore more determining causes. The sick person can then be helped to straighten out the distortions caused by these early and/or persistently damaging relationships, and hence the ego functions of the personality will be strengthened so that he can deal with "reality" more realistically.

There is no doubt that this type of treatment is effective in certain kinds of emotional disorders. However, there is little evidence that it helps people with psychoses. Many psychiatrists, wedded to this use of insight, would rather treat unhappy, neurotic people over long periods than waste their efforts on the hapless mentally ill.

What is new in psychiatric treatment stems from recently acquired knowledge from both the medical and social sciences. This has resulted in alternative approaches which seem to be more effective in treating the psychoses. Instead of emphasizing the details of the life history or the psychogenetic origins, this new approach looks at the organic and psycho-social resources available to the individual as he meets a crisis in any given social network. From this point of view, all people are seen as more or less genetically vulnerable to all forms of the major psychoses. Life experience may make the individual even more vulnerable. When a crisis occurs which is stressful enough for the individual to react in a bizarre but stress-reducing fashion, and if he is in a social situation which will both recognize and reinforce the usefulness of this bizarre behavior, then he will be diagnosed as a psychotic. The more the behavior is reinforced by others in the social environment by special recognition, the more persistent and prolonged the psychosis may be. For example, in World War II and in the Korean conflict it was seen that soldiers who had breakdowns during battle crises, and who were treated then and there and quickly sent back to their outfits, had shortlived illnesses; those, however, who were littered back behind the lines to be hospitalized suffered prolonged, and even permanent, disorders.

There are some implications of this position which, in a general way, form the basis of the President's program. One basic implication is that with our present state of knowledge, mental illness is not curable, but it is treatable. To put it another way, mental illnesses are disabling diseases, but the disability can be reduced and controlled. New programs, therefore, emphasize the reduction of the disability by prescribing some controls for the environment and for the organism, and by providing for early and persistent treatment efforts. In many respects, then, mental illness is seen as a crippling disorder, yet one accessible to rehabilitation.

It is against this background that the President said that "central to a new mental-health program is comprehensive community care." At the same time, in concert with Dr. Jack Ewalt and the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health, he attacked the large mental hospital. This attack should have been directed less at size and more at the deficiency in number and training of personnel. Rather specifically, it should have been directed at the lack of belief in the potentialities of ardent treatment. Many people, including those in the humane professions and some who administer these institutions, do not *want* mentally ill people returned to the community. At the same time, they want a smoothly running institution. This combination of attitudes leads to making the hospital a better place to live as the patient's illness becomes more firmly locked within him. Bigness itself is not the problem; it is the absence of a professional attitude that looks upon rehabilitation as possible in all mentally ill patients.

Some extreme and rather successful programs based on this new point of view are already in operation. In the Psychiatric Receiving Center in Kansas City, Missouri, open to all citizens of the city, the patients are limited to a thirty-day stay, but most are released from the hospital earlier. The last figure I saw showed that the average stay was twenty-three days. In Saskatoon, Canada, patients are treated in wards of general hospitals and their stay is limited to twenty-one days. Although no one claims the released patient is cured, he is ready to resume life in the community with the help of some combination of drugs, psychotherapy, social work and public-health nursing. The patient may even return to the hospital, but presumably not for long. The success of the program can be measured largely by how much of the time the patient is out of the hospital and able to fulfill his major life role in the community.

The President's new plan envisages elaborate community attacks on mental illness:

> *While the essential concept of the comprehensive community mental-health center is new, the separate elements which would be combined in it are presently found in many communities: diagnostic and evaluation services, emergency psychiatric units, outpatient services, inpatient services, day and night care, foster-home care, rehabilitation, consultative services to other community agencies, and mental-health information and education.*

The most important organizational requirement for this new program is that it should be local and immediately available — a far cry from the large state hospital, often located in some part of the state difficult of access but where land is cheap, which provided custodial care for all those who did not cure themselves. Now social and psychological crutches can be provided when and where they are needed. When the public learns to see their effectiveness, these crutches need not be any more debasing than eye glasses, hearing aids, wheel chairs or insulin. Already many states are planning such local community

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programs. Illinois, for example, has immediate plans for six regional mental-health centers. In Wisconsin, due to a kind of fluke of social history, there are only two large state hospitals, but thirty-six county mental hospitals and twenty community mental-health clinics. All of these are locally supported, but they do receive state aid. It is expected that these county hospitals and local clinics will form the basis of just such a program as President Kennedy recommended; in Wisconsin, it can happen very soon. Other states have other plans, but few states will ever again consider building large hospitals without local involvement and availability.

The feasibility of these new ideas for the large number of the mentally ill who turn up every day is largely dependent on the new pharmacological interventions. These new drugs truly tranquilize or energize and make the patient available for psychological and social interventions. The drugs may also be used as crutches to allow the patient to withstand unavoidable stress in the social environment. While it is true that no one seems to know just what the drugs do or how they do it, there is much evidence for their usefulness and little evidence of damaging effects such as accompany the use of drug shocks, overused electro-shocks and the now extinct lobotomies.

The most difficult change that the President's program calls for is the change of attitudes on the part of the personnel who work with mentally ill people. We have been concentrating on promoting attitudes of humaneness and sensitivity which tend to make the hospital into a benevolent community. What we will need, instead, are attitudes which will enhance the notion that the hospital is a temporary aid in developing a new and less debilitating adaptation to life. This involves a deeper change than one might suspect. It means giving up those pleasantries connected with the "happy patient" inside, his happy family outside, and the professional fantasies of a therapeutic Valhalla. If achieved, however, the personnel can then see themselves largely as designing and fitting social and psychological prosthetics to crippled or defective psyches. Although there will be opportunities for apparent cures, there will be few opportunities for failure. In developing any of these new approaches, many of the present personnel will have to learn not to be upset by those who promote programs to remove patients from the "happy" life of an institution in order to return them to the rough-and-tumble of the outside world. This is a difficult lesson.

The President's message is helpful, too, in pointing out that mental illness and mental retardation are not the same thing, although many of the services needed by both are of the same organizational nature. The etiology is different. Mental retardation is caused by genetic anom-

aly, intra-uterine damage, injury during the birth process, or by injury or disease during early childhood. Better obstetrical care and further knowledge of genetics and biochemistry eventually will allow for either the prevention of mental defectiveness or for better sustaining programs and interventions than we now have. But we will have a large number of mental retardates to provide for no matter what — and for many decades to come. Although the possibilities for rehabilitation are much more limited than in mental illness, it is clear that much more could be done than the permanent placement of retarded children in far-off institutions.

Since mental retardation is almost exclusively first seen in childhood, there are present all the involvements of family life and the prospect of lifetime responsibility to complicate the problems of care, training and treatment. As the mentally retarded find less and less place for themselves in the social and economic world, there is increasingly greater pressure to put them away in some benevolently custodial institution. It is the rare physician, minister, lawyer, friend or relative who will not advise parents to get "the state" to take over the responsibility for the lifelong care of a mentally defective child. Physicians frequently use their influence to have this commitment made without waiting for the upset parents to work through such a decision. Many parents live with unresolved guilt for so abandoning a child.

All this is unnecessary. Certainly the caring for a retarded child and the assumption of responsibility for his whole lifetime is a formidable prospect. It is made somewhat more ominous by the fact that the life span of retardates has increased so tremendously with new medical knowledge. However, there are ways in which family, community and state could share responsibility for the care, training and socialization of the mentally retarded person. In this way, the dilemma of choosing either to keep him at home or to give him away to the institution could be avoided. This, in turn, may reduce the liabilites of guilt, masochism, avoidance and confusion.

An early agreement could be negotiated between family and the state to share in the lifelong care of the retarded child. The state would agree to assume care and responsibility whenever required, and the family would agree to accept responsibility to the best of its abilities. Both would help develop, and use, local resources to the utmost. The use of state and local institutions could be increasingly reserved for specialized training and for maintenance of family stability by offering temporary care during needed retreats from responsibility, or during times of family crises, such as illness. Should the parents predecease the mental retardate, the state could then assume the whole responsibility, unless other members of the family — who may have had opportunity to learn to love this person, because he has not been away in an institution — wish to help.

This approach also needs elaboration and the coordination of local resources, and it is, I take it, what President Kennedy had in mind when he said:

As in the case of mental illness, there is also a desperate need for

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communities and services for the mentally retarded. We must move from the outmoded use of distant custodial institutions to the concept of community-centered agencies that will provide a coordinated range of timely diagnostic, health, education, training, rehabilitation, employment, welfare and legal-protection services. For those retarded children or adults who cannot be maintained at home by their own families, a new pattern of institutional services is needed.

Staffing these new programs is not going to be easy. Some psychiatrists are looking beyond individual therapy to community mental-health programs. Private practice with the more curable, however, is still more remunerative and in many ways more satisfactory. One major advantage of programs attached to the local community is that private practitioners — psychiatrists as well as general practitioners — can be involved with hospital patients, day-care centers and clinics as well as their office patients.

Public-health nurses are going to have more to do with the mentally ill than they have had until now. They have been kept out of mental-health programs, as have most of the other public-health personnel, because mental-health programs have had either their own separate administrations or have been part of public welfare at the state level.

These new community-based programs for the mentally ill and the mentally retarded are going to require new knowledge, new resources and new coordinations. One of the major coordinations needed is among patient, family and community. This bridging is going to be largely the responsibility of social workers, who are already in short supply and many of whom would rather work with intra-personal, than with intra-community, dynamics. Two major changes are needed here and are already taking place. The first is a change in the emphasis of professional education for social work, so that social workers can and will handle the tasks involved in these new programs. The second change required is for social workers to be responsible only for those tasks which require professional skills and that other personnel be available to handle the routines and the simpler services. It is all well and good to ask for more skilled personnel, but the more effective use of personnel now available is also necessary.

It is not very "New Frontier" to ask for federal funds to support new programs. It is interesting, however, to remember that it is only 109 years ago that President Pierce vetoed a bill to promote Dorothea Dix's plan for land grants to states for the benefit of the insane. He equated sickness with indigency and said that federal intervention would lead to a condition in which "the fountains of charity will be dried up at home. . . ."

Now President Kennedy is asking for many millions of dollars to help states and local communities get going on new techniques for coping with the problems of mental illness and mental retardation — or, one might say, to prime the pumps of "the fountains of charity at home. . . ." He should get the appropriation and, although the new program will not be a panacea, it will be certainly much more effective, on the whole, than what we are now doing.

Politics of Air Pollution . . . . . Charles Schaeffer

Washington

Like filthy rivers, poisoned air observes no state borders. The polluted air from millions of motor vehicles, home furnaces, thousands of factories, power plants and incinerators contaminates the atmosphere from California to Massachusetts. The legislatures of all but a few states have formally condemned an amorphous culprit usually termed "air pollution."

Anti-pollution speeches are made, resolutions adopted, conferences held and perhaps as much as $400 million a year is spent to exorcize this "devil" of America's exploding urban society. No one is *for* air pollution; the most phlegmatic industry no longer lightly dismisses complaints, however it may dawdle in meeting them. Medical scientists generally agree that many of the chemical ingredients in the air aggravate chronic bronchitis, asthma and other respiratory ills and may, indeed, make lung tissue more susceptible to the onset of emphysema and even lung cancer.

Air pollution now shares with many epidemic germs the credentials of a national health problem — a "group crime" committed by us all, in the words of Surgeon General Luther Terry. If so, it is a crime that has failed to prod the American jury into a conviction.

Who is responsible for turning the air into a sewer? Everybody, says the Surgeon General. Who, then, is going to clean it up? Somebody else, as evidenced from the past. The Surgeon General is understandably concerned and understandably limited in what he can do. Calling air pollution a "group crime," it seems, fosters leniency. With few exceptions, apathy and leniency have prevailed (only fifteen states have real control programs).

Incredibly, air pollution earned its status as a national health threat only eight years ago, in 1955, when Congress authorized an air-pollution control division in the government. In a grudging afterthought, legislators limited its budget to $5 million a year. To quiet industry's fears of major government intervention, lawmakers have twice maintained this financial limit while extending the act. Only by invoking its charter to investigate general health problems has the Public Health Service been able to scrape together another $6 million to study a problem blamed for $11 billion in damages every year.

The causes, effects and remedies of air pollution have been studied *ad nauseam*. With sufficient motivation and financing, communities and states — as demonstrated by Oregon — could reduce air pollutants: cleaner gas heat, "smokeless" fuels and defuming devices could be made available. But the

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Charles Schaeffer, a Washington newspaper man, has followed the air-pollution controversy in Congress for many years.

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"study" is cheaper than action, and serves as a convenient delaying tactic. Beyond any reasonable doubt, science has identified persistent high levels of pollution as the cause of withered crops, building damage and aggravated lung ailments. And the excess deaths attributed to the dramatic upsurge of gasses trapped in the atmosphere of Donora, Pa., London and Belgium are part of the subject's documented lore.

Yet the appeal of further "study" endures. And it will, of course, until local, state or federal officials say the case is proved. If this were done tomorrow, it would still take years to abate pollution in some municipalities.

Right now, the polluter's chief defense is the conglomerate nature of the mess in the air. Hydrocarbons from automobile exhausts (1963 models commendably have "blow-bys" to reduce about 30 per cent of engine pollutants, but vehicle increases by 1970 will offset this), sulphur dioxide from coal-burning dwellings and factory furnaces mingle with oxides and metal waste particles and dozens of other chemical compounds. No longer is it easy to trace a polluter back to a stack belching black smoke. Much of modern pollution is an invisible miasma. Only when it is held down by weather conditions does it betray its sickly, lingering, yellow complexion. When this brew occurs, it is easy for individual polluters to say, "Who, me?"

Normally alert citizens, faced with the problem, are apt to say, "Well, they had it in Pittsburgh, but cleaned it up." Or, "That's too bad about Los Angeles." The fact is, that it is "too bad" right in their own city if they live in any of fifty-three urban areas of over a half-million population where pollution is severe. Pittsburgh is discovering that its prewar black-smoke problem has been replaced, as in other cities, with a new and menacing chemical mixture. Where health authorities have prevailed, archaic "smoke abatement" has been redesignated "air pollution" to fit the times.

As is to be expected, health officials do not prevail very often. In the past, much of industry has ignored their weak bleats, and so have factory workers and local minions who prefer pollution to the wrath of the job-makers. Democratic Senator Harrison A. Williams, whose home state of New Jersey suffers pollution, has noted: "It is clear, if effective action is to be taken, the federal government must recognize that state and local officials are often vulnerable to threats by an air-polluting industry to move to a community where, they say, public officials 'are more understanding.'" Could industry have found such "understanding" in New Jersey itself, where last year industry lobbyists won a last-minute drive to soften an amendment designed to strengthen the air-pollution law?

But fear of the businessman is not restricted to the "State House gang." It was never reported, but Arthur S. Flemming, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, pleaded vainly with President Eisenhower's legal braintrust for a federal air-pollution law. The request fell on deaf ears. As soon as General Eisenhower and his Cabinet surrendered their reins to New Frontier wagonmasters, Flemming — as new president of the University of Oregon — tried again. At a "Let's Clear the Air Conference" held in Washington, he received strong support, unexpectedly, from the American Medical Association. "The federal government," telegraphed Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, A.M.A. executive vice president, "should engage in responsible leadership through the Public Health Service, research and discovery and enforcement in interstate or inter-jurisdictional difficulties in the manner of the successfully implemented Water Pollution Act." Dr. Flemming commented, "I never expected to find myself in agreement with the A.M.A. on something like this."

The agreement, it turns out, may not have been all that real. Back in Chicago, A.M.A. officials uneasily began to read press notices of how "stunned" and "astonished" delegates to the air-pollution conference had listened to its recommendation for federal enforcement. Had the A.M.A., traditionally opposed to the intrusion of federal power almost anywhere, gone too far? In an unpublicized letter to Surgeon General Luther Terry, Dr. Blasingame "clarified" and "expanded" A.M.A.'s position: pollution was undesirable and state and local governments ought to act to abate it; the United States should "exercise leadership" to control interstate pollution. Missing, now, was the important word "enforcement."

It remains to be seen whether A.M.A. will endorse a federal enforcement bill—the only action, it must know deep in its conscience, that will stimulate local control programs.

The attitude that the National Association of Manufacturers will adopt is surely more predictable. It will oppose federal enforcement down the line, if past sentiment is any guide. Its members nourish the mystical theory that communities, states and industry, in a voluntary burst of zeal, will cooperatively clean up the air. It is true that effective air-pollution control requires cooperation at all levels. This has

worked in the showcase examples that industry likes to exhibit. But the truth is that effective voluntary pollution control is the exception, not the rule. The N.A.M. has asked Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.) to reconsider his bill to create new federal air-pollution powers akin to those provided in the water-pollution act.

Ribicoff and the nineteen cosponsors of his bill, including Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana, understand the issue: rural-dominated state legislatures simply don't worry about this problem plaguing their urban colleagues. In the cities where strong ordinances could help, officials "go slow" on enforcement so as not to antagonize manufacturers.

Nor is there a stampede to finance pollution control. Even in areas where the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. Recently, the "smog board" of the San Francisco Bay area, a center of high pollution, deferred abatement plans be-

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cause of the expense. After polling the legislature on its feelings toward a three-year speed-up of smog control, the six-county board put the program on the back burner. The reason: a 2-mill increase in property taxes to finance the project scared the legislature. Next July, instead of a better smog-policing program, 517 industrial firms will still be violating the smog law. And N.A.M., whose wistful faith resides in local solutions to the problem, please note: directors of the fund-starved "smog board" chorused opposition to a federal bill to authorize U.S. financial help in such cases.

Just what is this ogre in Washington? At the moment it is nothing more than a modest proposal, embodied in a bill by Senator Ribicoff, former Health Secretary, which would pave the way for accelerated research into the causes, effects and control of pollution. The bill would initiate a ten-year, $7 million annual grant program to stimulate state and local pollution control; spur investigation on interstate and national pollution problems and, significantly, authorize federal health officials to help clean up the air as they do in cases of filthy water flowing across state borders and in navigable rivers.

A similar bill has been introduced in the House by Kenneth Roberts (D.,'Ala.). At recent subcommittee hearings, industry spokesmen vigorously opposed a section of the proposed measure which authorizes federal interstate enforcement. The proposal is likely to be approved by the subcommittee, which is headed by Congressman Roberts, but its fate in the full Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and on the floor of the House is highly doubtful.

The founding fathers did not foresee a phenomenon called "interstate air pollution." Nevertheless, they did envision in Article I, Sec. 8, of the Constitution the need to promote the general welfare. When President Kennedy talked privately with HEW Secretary Celebrezze at Palm Beach early this year, it was this that he obviously had in mind. Out of the conference came a decision to seek federal enforcement powers. In his February health message to Congress, the President handed down the verdict: air pollution is a national threat to the general welfare.

How quickly Congress will be similarly convinced is an open question. Legislation without the controversial enforcement clause languished last year in the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, often the center of stormy debates affecting the economics of industry. Until now it has shown no eagerness to add the air-pollution fight to its agenda.

It is plain that industry will not spend the money necessary to abate air pollution until it is made to. It is simply cheaper to use the air as a sewer. Moreover, air pollution doesn't dramatically affect enough of the people enough of the time to provoke the ire that, in turn, moves politicians to act. Its effects are slow and insidious and not easily recognized by citizens preoccupied with their own personal woes. So no anti-pollution lobby bucks the powerful advocates of the *status quo*. Consequently, it has been easier for politicians, receiving little or no pressure, to blink away the problem, even though some know better.

Now signs portend a change, though it may not come this year. Some legislators believe Congress has given state governments and industry an ample grace period since 1955 to control pollution. And whatever has been done, it is insufficient. Pollution indisputably is increasing.

Mountaineers: Dilettantes of Suicide

David Cort

There is no doubt that mountain-climbing or, more properly, mountaineering, adds a comment on the cultural development of the West in roughly the last hundred years. The "conquest" of the Western Hemisphere necessitated a certain amount of mountain-climbing, but the true dilettantes did not appear until toward the end of the nineteenth century, and chiefly in Europe where the Alps were physically handy to the important population centers.

An American, accompanied by a Sherpa guide, has just conquered Everest and, as this is written, another American in the same party is preparing to try. What is the point of mountaineering? It is to get to the place where, by your nature, you are not supposed to be. It beautifully defies the one law everybody obeys: the law of gravity. A man finds himself embracing a perpendicular wall. His nature did not intend him to be there. His nature may tell him to give up and just drop; in that way he will surely die. His firm intention is to climb to the very top, from which he must descend, if possible as slowly as he had mounted.

Mountaineering is thus the exact reverse of skiing. The skiers do not climb at all; they are lifted to the heights by a mechanical contrivance. They then descend as quickly as possible: Whee! It is like sliding down the banister without ever having to climb the stairs. With the ski tows, all the seriousness has gone out of skiing. Practically nobody now uses skis that are fit for cross-country; that is, nobody skis.

"Seriousness," on the other hand, seems to be the password of mountaineering.

Attempts to explain mountaineering are in fact the matter of this inquiry. A recent one appeared in the London *Listener*, Nov. 8, 1962. Its gist is condensed below, followed by the comments of other mountaineers, as a list of propositions.

1. It is an escape into the silence, away from people and nonessentials. *Comment:* Hmmm.

2. It is an absolutely self-reliant contest between the man and the rock, except when one is with fellow climbers. *Comment:* To some extent, but team play is important.

3. It dissolves nervous tensions. *Comment:* Yes and No.

4. It is primarily for intellectuals, as a series of serious physical problems to be solved. *Comment:* Some basis for this, with spectacular exceptions.

5. Climbers are not generally

David Cort's newest book, Social Astonishments, *will soon be published by Macmillan.*

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young, and are tactful to one another. *Comment*: No.

6. It has nothing to do with mountain scenery. *Comment*: No. The view is part of the exhilaration.

7. Accidents usually occur from humdrum mistakes. *Comment:* And also from over-ambition and over-confidence.

8. If one dramatizes the danger, one is likely to fall. *Comment:* Correct.

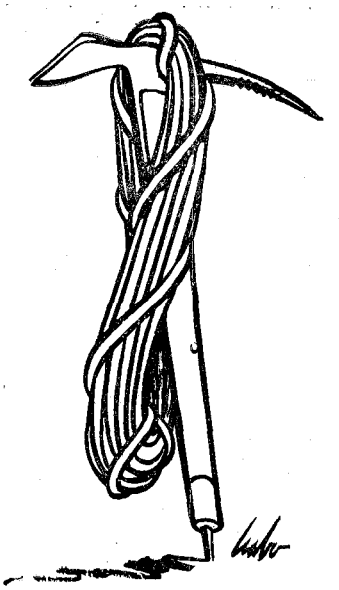
9. The danger is incidental; the secret is a matter of dead seriousness. *Comment:* Perhaps, but some people like to be scared.

The disagreements here may explain why the explication of mountaineering has provided such a profuse and profitable literature. We soon see that conscious bravery is not useful; the merely brave and dashing are soon removed from the living, and so from mountaineering. But if one is serious enough, and one's seriousness doesn't suddenly fail one on the face of the precipice, one is eligible.

Seriousness versus heroism: this may always have been, and has more certainly become, the central choice for the civilized man. (The writer is aware that all history could be rewritten in terms of this alternative; but not just now.) The sense of the distinction may be illuminated by a brief look at the different schools of climbing and of climbing literature.

At the absolute bottom is that represented by *The Night Climbers of Cambridge* (Harper, 1937), by Whipplesnaith (a pseudonym). This affects to be a serious exposé of the Cambridge boys' sport of climbing the drainpipes and chapel spire of the university, especially Trinity, "the aristocrat of college climbing grounds." Since the sport was forbidden, it had to be done in secret, by night. Indentations in a building do simulate the chimneys or *couloirs* on the face of a mountain.

This small joy of embracing the wall has been compared to the small (suckled) child's pleasure in embracing its mothers' legs in the vain hope of mounting to the lost breast. In any case many youths, including myself, have experienced an entirely confident satisfaction in climbing up the face of buildings for three or four stories. Here there is a visceral affection for the stone, an assurance that it provides



enough bumps to mount by. If the bumps stop (as in the new building), the wall has ceased to be feminine and turned masculine and hostile.

Mountaineers try to exploit the feminine aspects of a mountain, but too often find themselves in situations where they can be dumped from a 4,000-foot drop. No mother would do that to sonny, and the Freudian jargon ends.

Rarely do mountains come singly, as one astonishing peak. Such are Fitzroy (11,600 feet) in Patagonia, said to be the world's worst climb; Shasta (14,162); Erebus (14,997) in Antarctica; Cristobal Colon (18,947) in Colombia; Misti (19,144) in Peru; McKinley (20,320), etc.

For a broad view of mountains there is A. C. Spectorsky's anthology, *The Book of the Mountains* (Appleton, 1955). Here, over and over, we see the quality of the seriousness, the exhilaration of the few at Thermopylae or Agincourt or on the sinking *Titanic*, in the thought: we few are here; the other two billion or not. And it is true that on a mountain one is alone. Even today the Sunday crowds do not muck up the top of the Matterhorn, but the loneliness there was statistically perfect (in all time, nobody had ever been there before) when Whymper's party first entered it in 1865, only to lose four men on the way down.

A truly great mountain may be said to try to intimidate a man, just by looking at him. But in Africa there is Ruwenzori, which lay hidden in its fogs so perfectly that for centuries it was only a rumor and men went past it without knowing it was there. And then one afternoon, while Stanley was nearby, with his marvelous luck there suddenly loomed all across the equatorial sky a cloud formation in the very shape of a snow-covered mountain of vast extent. Stanley looked and could not believe his sight. Was it a cloud? Yes, no, yes. At last Stanley accepted the reality: he was looking at an actual mountain range that had decided to reveal itself. And this range rises not out of a plateau, but of an equatorial depression of jungle. The lower slopes are clogged with unrotted tree trunks, where every surface has a scalp of moss. Even the higher "alpine" meadows have a shocking exuberance. An experience such as Ruwenzori must certainly change a man for life, perhaps for the worse.

In the 1930s, the Nazis revolutionized climbing. As against the former theory of moving from one position of poise to another, the Germans introduced a technique of gymnastic scramble. They were loaded with hardware: rock-pitons, ice-pitons, ice daggers, twelve-point crampons, snap-links, rope ladders, etc., and they shocked the old classical mountaineers. Their favorite challenge was the north face of Eiger (meaning ogre), a peak in the Jungfrau (meaning maiden). Nearly a score of them died on this vertical, concave precipice. Of course, one of them finally found the secret of Eiger, an unlikely traverse that turned the impossible into the possible. But as late as 1957 three men died on Eiger and Jack Olsen tells the story in *The Climb Up to Hell* (Harper, 1962), based on the recollections of the one survivor.

I enjoyed *The Climb Up to Hell,* but the mountaineers disapprove of it, for reasons not clear to me. They recommend instead, as classics on rock-climbing, Gaston Rebuffat's *Starlight and Storm* (Dent, 1957) on climbing six great north faces of the Alps; Heinrich Harrer's *The White Spider* (Dutton, 1960) on the north face of Eiger; and Hermann Buhl's *The Lonely Challenge*. Rebuffat's book works in some mysticism and philosophy. For snow work, they recommend

(Continued on page 431)

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Somewhat Sinister Laughter

THE IRISH COMIC TRADITION. By Vivian Mercier. Oxford University Press. 258 pp. $6.75.

Denis Johnston

To undertake a survey of the tradition of any national literature is a large task and a hazardous one, even when the writers concerned are clearly definable in mores and racial origin. When the period to be covered stretches from the ninth century to the present day and there is no common denominator of language or religion, or even a general agreement on the facts of history, the project becomes even more formidable. So it was probably wise of Vivian Mercier to have confined his observations to one facet of the subject and to have said too little rather than too much.

During the last century the literary Gael was reasonably satisfied with the idea that his supposed progenitor, Milesius, came to Ireland in a canoe in B.C. 1699 (accompanied, some add, by the prophet Jeremiah, the ark of the covenant and the stone of Scone) and drove the Firbolg into the mountains and the bogs, in which morass of Heart's Desire the latter was subsequently confined by a magical use of branches of blessed quicken wood.

The late Eoin Mac Neill, soon to be followed by T. F. O'Rahilly, dissipated much of this mirage by advancing the opening date of Irish history by a thousand years or more; and today Professor John Kelleher of Harvard is engaged in demolishing what little remains of the Annals as fact, leaving us with no history at all before Brian Boru, who would himself probably go the way of Cormac Mac Art were it not for the Scandinavians. This lack of material for a tangible image makes it hard to say what an Irishman actually is, and by analogy it is probably even more difficult to define what we mean by Irish literature. Is the prototype Hibernian to be regarded as Shaw, Sheridan or De Valera? Is he President Kennedy or Phil the Fluther? Is he T. E. Lawrence, Brendan Behan, or the Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien? The answer may be found somewhere between the view that he is all of these and an insistence that there is no such thing as an Irishman at all—a state of affairs that leaves the critic free to prove almost any point by a judicious selection of the data.

Dr. Vivian Mercier, as his name indicates, belongs to a respectable Leinster family of Huguenot descent, and is a distinguished graduate of Dublin University. He has a lifelong familiarity with the literary output of our geographically definable but wisely partitioned island and—what is even more important—of its writers and scholars, their centrifugal habits, private intentions and somewhat sinister laughter. He has a sound working knowledge of the Gaelic language—this liquid, Homerless tongue that can say neither "Yes" nor "No," and is worn by the contemporary separatist as a kind of panache in the absence of any other distinctive accomplishments. He appreciates the fact that his countrymen neither believe in fairies nor greatly admire women; and that while they are ostensibly religious, and pay outward homage to the national language, one of the principal uses that is made of the latter is to criticize the clergy without being overheard by Protestants.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in his book a compact and reliable survey of everything from Finn to Finnegan, together with many enlivening comments on subjects ranging from *The Book of the Dun Cow* to the plays of Lady Gregory. His method of arrangement, under aspects of his subject rather than under the names of his authors ("Fantasy in Irish Humour and Ribaldry," "Irish Wit and Word Play," "Swift and Irish Satire"), enables him to cover ground in much shorter compass than would be possible were he to attempt to deal critically with each writer's work in chronological order. The book is well footnoted, so that the gaps implicit in the above treatment—Yeats's important comedy, *The Player Queen*, and Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* are conspicuously absent—can be filled in by any reader anxious to make use of Dr. Mercier's many useful directives. In fact, the whole book may be regarded as containing—amongst its other virtues—a succession of signposts, pointing with commendable precision toward further information.

In matters of record and of reference, it is at its best in its survey of the Gaelic material. As a critic, Dr. Mercier probably shines most brilliantly in his chapter on "Joyce and the Tradition of Irish Parody."

> *Is it possible* [he asks] *for a writer to work in a tradition without being fully aware of it? I believe that it is, and I have tried to prove that Joyce was such a writer. However poor his Irish library and his Gaelic scholarship may have been, they were sufficient for the purposes of one who was, like so many of his countrymen before and after him, a "bawd of parodies."*

Dr. Mercier's interests in the critical field coincide largely with current trends—in Joyce, Beckett and Frank O'Connor — while only occasionally casting a cold eye in the direction of Oscar Wilde, George Moore and Sean O'Faolain. As in the bookshops today, one wonders what has happened to that man, O'Flaherty, and to Paul Vincent Carroll. The younger contemporary writers get, on the whole, a poor showing. There is a point in any book, of course, at which current comment must stop. At the same time, one may legitimately ask why, if Maire MacEntee is to be mentioned, such notable Dubliners as Donagh MacDonagh and Thomas Kinsella should be left out? On the whole, however, the variety of authors and works covered is remarkable.

In attempting to draw some conclusions from this highly diversified material, Dr. Mercier has skillfully confined himself to a consideration of Irish literature in its comic aspects. From the *Tain Bo Cuailnge* to *Malone Dies* it is fair to say that a considerable part of the corpus may be regarded as funny, whatever language is used. This fact can be offered as a generalization, provided one is ready to apply the adjective to a vein of writing that is singularly deficient in good humor. But does this fact validly constitute a tradition?

Granted that Swift and Congreve were Old Boys of Kilkenny Grammar School, and that Brian Merriman graduated somewhere in Limerick, is

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there anything to link *Gulliver's Travels, The Way of the World* and *The Midnight Court* except geography? Dr. Mercier's expressed objective is to demonstrate "the continuity between Gaelic and Anglo-Irish comic literature" (to quote the jacket), and to trace an unbroken comic tradition from approximately the ninth century down to the present day.

> *I believe . . . that there is an Irish comic tradition, one which can be traced from the very beginnings of Gaelic literature, and be shown to flourish in the Anglo-Irish literature of our own day. I would go even farther and say that contemporary Anglo-Irish literature cannot be fully understood and appreciated without some knowledge of that tradition.*

The trouble is a semantic one, bound up in the popular misuse of this expression "Anglo-Irish" to indicate, not the content of a writer's work, or his attitude of mind, but his religion. Yeats's work is not Anglo-Irish in any sense except as regards the writer's genealogy, while Aodh de Blacam, who was in many ways as English as they come, is regarded as a prototype of the true Gael. There is no reason for shoving eagles into these ill-constructed pigeonholes, unless it is for the purpose of taking them out of the Irish sky. Over the centuries, many pens have been wielded in that enigmatic island without much knowledge or concern for any tradition at all, save what may possibly be attributed to the weather and the women. This is perhaps the cause of its variety and its vigor.

Where Dr. Mercier has undoubtedly succeeded is in the fulfillment of the hope expressed in the next paragraph of his conclusion:

> *If the reader of this book does not find that his appreciation of Joyce and Beckett, Yeats and Synge, Shaw and O'Casey has been enriched and his understanding of them deepened, then I have failed in part of my self-imposed task.*

He need have no fear of this.

Boyhood in a Twilight Age

A LIFE OF ONE'S OWN. By Gerald Brenan. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 244 pp. $4.95.

Erskine B. Childers

At the age of sixty-nine, Gerald Brenan has paused in his truly classic writings about Spain, pondered another novel but lacked a subject — and turned to an autobiography. He has taken a considerable risk with his structure, devoting this whole first volume to only the first twenty-five years of his life, and beginning with his very birth, at that. Milton, of course, said it all: "the childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." But can the autobiographer *entertain* while so systematically tracing the emergent man? Can memory reach back so far with integrity — or will it be a trespassing back and forth across the boundaries of time, investing early experience with observations acquired later of the same scene or people?

These were some of the inherent dangers Mr. Brenan faced in this first volume — and yet quite remarkably avoided, in a book that is as vivid for the child of five as for the half-exhilarated, half-horrified young man in the bloody mud bath of the Somme. Obviously, the author's infinitely practiced skill with words, acquired long after those early years, is a vital element in his success. But one closes the book feeling certain that that is not the whole explanation. Mr. Brenan does not claim it, but a reviewer can suggest that he is an example of the writer whose powers of observation and record began developing almost before he could handle a pen. I think it began for him as a five-year-old in South Africa — where his soldiering father was posted, on the eve of the Boer War, to an as yet unsung place called Ladysmith.

All Mr. Brenan tells us is that his mother had a passion for wild flowers; that the child's scripture book he was given had capital letters decorated with the flowers of the Holy Land; and that he then found these and similar flowers in unforgettable settings on the veldt near camp. "The contrast to be observed in South Africa between the brilliance of the flora and the dryness and desolation of the landscape is specially striking," he writes; and then come the first almost sensuously vivid descriptions of scene and shade, light and color, that illuminate virtually every page thereafter.

These, however, would not have "carried" a whole volume on childhood and youth. What completes this book's success is observation of people, and frankness about self and family. Mr. Brenan's father was one of those terribly correct and conventional turn-of-century English officers — complete with mustache, telegraphic conversation, shooting in the morning and billiards at night beneath stuffed trophies. Invalided home from South Africa, deaf and bored in perpetual idleness, his neuroses obviously contrasted sharply for the boy with his mother's "faith in life, an interest and delight in the world." Childhood travels in Africa, India, England and Ireland also made the young Brenan feel "different" — even, he wryly reports, rather "special." And from all this came his precocious observation of people, making his family and its friends quite fascinating. Some of the fascination may be of the awful kind — the upper-class attitudes and mores will still be credible to British readers, but probably museumlike to most Americans. But the result is a case history of the mood and manner of a twilight age, seen uncannily through a young boy's eyes.

Woven through this picture is Mr. Brenan's special story of trying to break out of the class mold automatically available to him, and so witheringly pressed upon him by his father ("as long as you are staying in my house I expect you to be properly dressed"). Mr. Brenan does not spare himself. We get an admirably jocose description of his forlorn bid to walk to the Far East, behind a false mustache and dressed as a gas-fitter; but then, too, the almost painfully beautiful descriptions of Serbia, through which he wandered not a little fearfully before the venture collapsed.

Forced back home in humiliation, told by his father to stop reading poetry and take a colonial-service exam, the young Brenan was ironically saved by the First World War. Saved from it, too, to include with immense but rewarding economy some of the finest writing about that war in the English language. No cynicism here; no glory; nor the usual drowning of war's absurdities in a welter of blood; only the pain and the excitement, the agonizing beauty of a nightingale startled into song by a machine gun, for a young writer awakening toward a life of his own.

Erskine B. Childers, author of Common Sense About the Arab World *(Macmillan), is a free-lance writer and broadcaster (radio and TV in London, Dublin and Canada). He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Stanford University.*

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Agitation Against Agitators

ALIENS AND DISSENTERS: Federal Suppression of Radicals, 1903-1933. By William Preston, Jr. Harvard University Press. 352 pp. $6.75.

Milton Cantor

"The greatest dangers to liberty," Louis Brandeis affirmed in the Olmstead case, "lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well meaning but without understanding." William Preston's *Aliens and Dissenters* dramatically corroborates this assertion in the course of demonstrating that the United States Government has been less than generous to its native-born and immigrant radicals. Historical perspective is greatly needed in the area of anti-radical surveillance and control, and *Aliens and Dissenters* starts quite properly with an account of American nativism, racism and ethnic tensions in the late nineteenth century. Mr. Preston first focuses upon the radical labor movement of the 1870s and 1880s, the Haymarket riot which fixed the nativist stereotype (of the "'unwashed, long-haired, wild-eyed fiend armed with smoking revolver and bomb'"), and Congressional attempts to pass anti-radical and anti-anarchist legislation. But such efforts were unsuccessful until 1903—the year at which Mr. Preston begins his study in earnest—when Congress, spurred in part by President McKinley's assassination (at the hands of *native-born* Leon Czolgosz in 1901), excluded and deported aliens whose views it deemed inimical to the national security.

The study of the prewar decade contains much new and striking information, particularly as related to that largest and most feared of radical labor organizations, the International Workers of the World. Founded in 1905, this militant "direct action" group became the principal target of nativist agitation and government operations. The United States Army, for example, in the guise of protecting "public utilities," became an open ally of the Anaconda Copper Company in 1917, raiding IWW headquarters, breaking up its meetings, jailing its local leaders. On the pretext of protecting the docks, Naval Intelligence operatives infiltrated IWW ranks on the West Coast, gathered information, unlawfully detained radicals and helped in their mass round-up. Even the Seattle Fire Department got into the act, and defended American institutions by arresting citizens and aliens alike. Denied the writ of *habeas corpus* by pliant judges, and held incommunicado, many imprisoned IWW members remained in jail for a year or two before being brought to trial—or before being released for lack of sufficient evidence.

Aliens and Dissenters also tells the astonishing and depressing wartime story of the way in which fear of two largely mythical dangers—the German (before the Bolshevik Revolution, anarchists and IWWs were accused of being pro-German) and the Russian—stimulated widespread federal, state and private assaults on fundamental articles of the democratic faith. The public, hearing ugly rumors of a huge radical conspiracy, read approvingly of the "Red Special," which mysteriously whisked thirty-five Seattle IWWs to Ellis Island; no matter that they had been detained for a year, held in solitary confinement at their Eastern terminus or, for the most part, released by a reluctant government. The nation, listening for the tramp of Bolshevik armies, commended the fighting Attorney General, A. Mitchell Palmer, for his "Red Raids." These raids have been examined by others, at times more elaborately than in Mr. Preston's monograph, but he confirms and deepens our knowledge of them by his reliance upon government sources heretofore unused. Moreover, he wisely treats the raids as an acute symptom of a chronic disease rather than as an isolated event—which is the mistake of some recent historical scholarship.

Mr. Preston writes with passion as well as precision, and the former quality is unusual among professional historians; they normally display indecent coyness when dealing with "controversial" subjects. His monograph does have some good things to say about Congress, particularly in the early 1900s when, still unafraid, it abided by a humane three-year limitation upon deportability; and about the Justice Department, when it emphasized behavior rather than belief as the criterion for disqualification in naturalization cases. Furthermore, he has his heroes—George Vanderveer, the IWW defense counsel, and William Wilson and Louis Post (Secretary of Labor and Assistant Secretary respectively), both of whom sought to curb their zealous subordinates in the Bureau of Immigration and to restore due process in deportation proceedings. But Mr. Preston's investigation also has severely tarnished the reputation of a number of distinguished public servants, among them Woodrow Wilson, who tolerated unconstitutional methods, and J. Edgar Hoover, then of the alien radical division of the Justice Department, who complained that to permit counsel to aliens "'defeats the ends of justice,'" and who wanted to use inflated bail requirements to detain aliens until they had confessed.

Mr. Preston has a sense of outrage, but his emotionalism operates within the framework of ascertainable fact; he has written a convincing book as well as a brave one. He does more than demonstrate that methods peculiar to the police state were operative in the period under review; he makes the reader share his concern for the contemporary relevance of his findings.

Milton Cantor, managing editor of Labor History, *is completing a study of Max Eastman, to be published by Twayne.*

DANCE

Clive Barnes

The choreographer, George Balanchine, is not much recognized. To be sure, he once made *Time's* cover, was profiled in *The New Yorker* and has always received a big hand in the dance world. But dance worlds the world over tend to be microcosmic and I suspect that few right-thinking (or even liberal) American intellectuals would place him high on their list of the most unforgettable American geniuses they would most like to meet.

Do I sound bitter? I mean to. Balanchine is very possibly the most remarkable creative force ballet has ever known. His company, the New York City Ballet, is among the great dance companies of the world, and is undoubtedly the noblest cultural export the United States possesses. Yet the United States, grotesquely rich as it is, keeps Balanchine hungry. Not literally hungry; Balanchine is not romantically wasting away in a garret at the

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top of the RCA Building. But his company, by any decent standard you care to name, is kept short of money. It cannot even provide year-round employment for its dancers, some of whom, as you read this, may be lounging elegantly in a line to collect their unemployment insurance checks. The United States may not like the idea of public subvention for the arts, but believe me it's everywhere else to stay.

Before his dancers went perforce temporarily on the parish, Balanchine gave a season at the City Center which has been acclaimed locally as his best yet. As a goggle-eyed visitor from Outer Mongolia, or thereabouts, I am in no position to offer an opinion on this, but common sense tells me I could take a bet on it. It had the look of a company that was dancing better than ever before. Creatively, Balanchine is still pioneering, and notwithstanding the odd administrative mishap, the whole season sang like a song. (To retrace, then, why do they need a government subvention? Because in any currency, even artistic, a dime goes further and better than a nickel.)

The season saw three new productions. John Taras' *Arcade* gave good opportunities to the male dancers, proved quite pretty in a gift-wrapped sort of way, quite meaningless and quite a waste of the Stravinsky music it used for its background. The other two new ballets, by Balanchine, were disparate masterpieces.

I go too far. If *Bugaku* is a masterpiece, it is only a very small one. But it remains a sensuously lovely ballet, a perfect way of spending twenty minutes or so of your life in entertainment and profit. It is a Japanese ballet, but not very. The music was specially written by Toshiro Maynzumi in a Western approximation of the style of Japanese court music. Eerie, tremulous and slinky, the music, against David Hays's simple arena setting, provides the emotional backdrop for a coolly civilized love ritual. In a way, it is no more Japanese than *Madam Butterfly* or Pierre Loti, for the choreography, despite its *japonaiserie* accents, is as classical in derivation as *Swan Lake*. But in its sense of time and character it has an orientalism more than skin-deep.

A princess, a prince and their eight attendants perform the lightly grave ritual with the detached absorption of erotic acrobats. When the princess and prince make love in a *pas de deux* of sophisticated passion, their bodies charting each other with tiny gestures all translated into some strange mutation of the classic duet, the ballet, almost unexpectedly, says a little about Japan and a lot above love.

Grahame Greene, with his orderly mind, divides his fiction into "novels" and "entertainments"; the latter, though less profoundly intended, are not necessarily the less valuable. Balanchine should perhaps follow suit. On such a reckoning *Bugaku* would be a sumptuously serious entertainment; *Movements for Piano and Orchestra*, the new Stravinsky piece, would be an oddly entertaining ballet.

Balanchine is a genius in the sense (if not to the degree) that Mozart and Stravinsky are geniuses. The prolific output, the inspiration that can be turned on like a faucet, the ice-cold professionalism, a stain of individuality running through a progress of forms — these are the marks. *Movements* is the culmination (temporary or final) of the partnership between Balanchine and Stravinsky that started in 1928. The story up to now, reading from *Apollo* to *Agon*, is one of ever-increasing mastery. They have held the same pebble in their hands for so long that it has worn down into an exquisite skeleton.

Movements lasts eight and a half minutes — just about enough time for a cigarette or a street accident. Into this bottomless slot of time are placed eight dancers — an ensemble of six and two lovers. They are dressed in the naked finery of practice costume. The music is in five sections. They dance, relax, dance again — the sequence pattern leisurely repeating itself, with the walked pauses interspersed between the dances like punctuation.

The choreography is succinct and laconic — so is the music. Spare and austere, with apparently a few quips and allusions and an understated tincture of febrile emotion to add a lean flesh to the blanched bones, the ballet is concise. Nothing is wasted. The thing is a counterweighted construction in time and space. Movement is balanced against repose, stress against relaxation, heroics against epigrams, man against woman.

Movements is a development of all the ballets Balanchine has ever created. He repeats himself in a crucible, breaking, boiling down, distilling, discarding. But the gestures (those convolutions, sequences, twists, those whole dynasties of movement descending one from another) remain oddly unaltered, for these are the basic chords of his vocabulary.

The okay-view of Balanchine pays due homage to his "12-tone period," tosses a crisp nod toward his archetypal Hindemith ballet, *Four Temperaments*, offers a whispering confidence that *Liebeslieder Walzer* is divinely overlong, and bestows an indulgent smile on such razzmatazz as *Stars and Stripes* or such moonshine romanticism as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This is supreme nonsense — like putting ice cubes in Scotch.

The difference between *Stars and Stripes* and *Episodes* is at heart the difference between Sousa and Webern. I would listen with more confidence to the man who told me that *Raymonda Variations* was Balanchine's masterpiece and giggled at the wonderful *Ivesiana*, than I would to the contrary proposition. *Movements* is a thing of wonder, but so, in its different way, is *Stars and Stripes*, and they are much closer together than they seem. This is an astonishingly rich repertory. I haven't even mentioned Balanchine's dancers. They were like Balanchine — fine. I hate to think of them lining up for their unemployment checks.

ART

Hilton Kramer

In the development of abstract painting in New York over the past decade, two styles have become dominant. In one, represented in slightly different ways by Mark Rothko and Barnett Newman, paint is reduced to thin veils of color inflected with a minimum of formal incident. In the other, represented by Willem de Kooning, the basic format of cubist structure is flattened and diffused under a thick surface of paint applied with a bravura pressure that shifts the center of expressive gravity from the picture's formal armature to its painterly dynamics. In the first instance, everything is cool, decorative, detached; in the second, there is a marked display of painterly energy that at once resists and succumbs to the forms that contain it.

If the one strikes us as passive and feminine, the other seems unduly concerned with the exercise of its power and virility. Yet both styles have this in common: their explicit visual result is one of extreme simplification. Visual incident is limited to the exposition of a pictorial structure which, because it consists of a very few easily

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gleaned elements, yields an aesthetic experience of very short duration. The complex, the mysterious, the symbolic —the representation of anything but elemental structure—is rigorously eschewed. As a result, our empathetic response, once the formal and optical components of this structure are apprehended, turns on our interest in the artistic decisions that have gone into the making of the structure. We respond, then, to the conception of the picture rather than to the experience, the emotion, the vision, that the conception was created to express.

In the context of this development, which now commands widespread allegiance among the *cognoscenti* in America and Europe, the paintings of Richard Pousette-Dart currently at the Whitney Museum strike an odd and somewhat atavistic note. Here are paintings one can actually look at for more than a minute or so; paintings which can be examined and explored the way one reads, and rereads, a poem. One's attention moves from their texture to their imagery, and from their imagery to the climate of feeling that informs their whole being. The style is rich, various, ornamental and heavily worked; and it results in something more than "style." It results in a mode of visual thought the legitimacy of which the viewer may want ultimately to accept or reject, but which is fully adumbrated for the eye (and the mind) to take in, consider and judge. In responding to this work, one is moved to compare the artist's view of experience with one's own, not merely with other "styles," and I take this to be a measure of the work's success in establishing itself as a fully imagined world, and of the distance that separates it from sheer stylistic exercise.

For what impresses one straightaway about Pousette-Dart's work is the artist's concern for the complexity and diversity of his visual experience, and the painstaking care that has gone into transmuting this experience into a finical orchestration on the canvas that at once preserves and generalizes the emotions that formed the original impetus. His method, a curious and original amalgam of the graphic and the painterly, seems concerned above all to remain loyal to the quality of the experience it serves. One result of this existential loyalty, this attempt to carry over into abstract painting a sense of particulars as vivid as that which informs experience, is the virtuoso detail that Pousette-Dart lavishes on every picture. Though his paintings have great decorative presence, the real locus of expression lies less in their decorative effect than in those dazzling intricacies of image that compel one's attention long after the overall pictorial scheme has been grasped. It is above all this stubborn ambition to invest painting with an expressiveness beyond the exposition of formal syntax which distinguishes Pousette-Dart from his contemporaries in the New York School. As their work has moved steadily in the direction of formal simplification and immediate optical effects, his continues to insist upon a richness of visual discourse that cannot, by its nature, wholly disclose itself at a glance.

The exhibition of forty-three paintings organized by Mr. John Gordon at the Whitney purports to cover Pousette-Dart's development from 1939, when the artist was twenty-three and already painting with a remarkable strength and clarity, to 1963. Some of the artist's finest pictures are included—I would particularly call attention to *Number 1: 1951, The Magnificent* (1950-51), *White Garden* (1951), *White Gothic Number 3* (1957) and *Blood Wedding* (1958)—and most of his abiding themes and general preoccupations are represented. Moreover, since Pousette-Dart is one of the few artists of the New York School whose *oeuvre* does not include early ineptitudes of the kind that make the older work of Rothko, for example, simply embarrassing, there has been no necessity in his case to hide skeletons in a closet of art-historical euphemisms.

But it would be a mistake, none the less, to regard the present exhibition as a full retrospective survey of a body of work that is actually more interesting, adventurous and complete than Mr. Gordon's partial and unadventurous selection would lead one to believe. Whole series of paintings (such as the "white" paintings of the early fifties), which in actuality have explored their thematic material with astonishing depth and completeness, are here represented as fragmentary asides. Still other aspects of the artist's copious output are eclipsed or distorted. Owing perhaps to the prevalence of so many American careers that proceed by fits and starts, our museum directors seem intellectually unequipped to deal with an artist whose development has been continuous, abundant and many-sided. And the present occasion is not much enhanced by a catalogue text which, while conveying adequately enough the "look" of the artist's pictures, contrives to make them sound as dull as life at the Whitney.

A fuller exposition of Pousette-Dart's work would also, I think, have placed what are for this writer his least interesting pictures — those all-over fields of undifferentiated optical sensation, of which *Golden Presence* (1961) is the best known— in a more meaningful context. One feels about this development in Pousette-Dart's painting that his whole manner of working (and the deeply felt personal vision that underlies it) is placed at a disadvantage in having so tenuous a thematic subject to explore. The artist's vision really triumphs when it confronts, as for the most part it does, thematic material equal to the personal culture that is brought to bear on it. Even in this current exhibition, in which we are given only the fraction of the iceberg that the Whitney has chosen to show, one can feel something of the power and beauty of that vision at its best.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

Joan Littlewood, whose Theatre Workshop in London was the birthplace of Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* and Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste of Honey*, and who is rumored to have had a shaping hand in those and other works, has turned to the screen. *Sparrows Don't Sing* by Stephen Lewis, a play very much in the workshop's tough-but-touching style, was first produced there. Its screen version is a collaboration between author and director.

Miss Littlewood's movie debut is not entirely auspicious. She does not understand the camera very well and therefore uses it as though it were a stage—which she understands with exceeding cunning. As a result, the film is jerky, crabbed and insecure in its feeling for the length of scenes and the transition from one sequence to another. More serious, perhaps, is the acting pitch. Miss Littlewood has always been given to whooping it up in the theatre, and apparently felt a need to set an even broader style in the once-removed medium of the screen.

The fact is, of course, that the camera exaggerates action, gesture and expression; a wink can only too easily go off like a flash bulb. The cast of *Sparrows Don't Sing* seems to be knocking itself out in spasms of alternating hilarity and rage whose motivations remain enigmatic. There is nothing more embarrassing, on stage or screen, than a cast in the grip of an excitement unshared by the audience.

A sailor, in Mr. Lewis' comedy, comes home from a two-year voyage to find his wife has *again* presented him with a child of inconveniently tender age. With many references to the terrible goings-on "last time," relatives and neighbors of the couple (cockney characters all) make frenzied efforts to prevent the husband from discovering his sparrow (girls are "birds" in London's East End) in the nest of a stodgy but well-muscled bus driver. The sailor (James Booth) weaves and bobs before he has so much as seen a pub, and his wife (Barbara Windsor) twitters and skitters in a really tiresome facsimile of her title role. The supporting players are equivalently unlaced. The amorality of the picture is mildly funny, and Miss Littlewood has a right to continue publicizing her conviction that cockneys enjoy an exuberance unknown to less aspirated groups. But the present extravagance begins, long before the end, to look like a show put on for gullible tourists.

The two short films that Satyajit Ray has made from stories by Rabindranath Tagore, and which are presented together under the title, *Two Daughters*, might almost be episodes extracted from Mr. Ray's noble chronicle, "The World of Apu." They have the same lucidity, humor, quiet intensity, transparent emotion.

A Westerner attending Mr. Ray's films must make a deliberate adjustment of expectations. There is nothing exotic, nothing even unfamiliar, about the issues and impulses of his pictures; on the contrary, we have long since abandoned this direct approach to simple human situations. We make allegories — worse, we make jokes — of incidents that seem to us too apparent to be recorded without comment. They do not seem obvious to Mr. Ray and that, I suppose, makes him a primitive — or a holy man.

The first of the present pair tells of an amiable, rather soft young man from the city who has been made postmaster of an exceedingly remote jungle village, and of the little orphan girl who is the designated servant of the post office. The child is solemnly darling and he is good to her; makes her dress in clean clothes, begins to teach her to read and write. She in turn nurses him through an attack of malaria. They are happy and pleased with each other. It occurs to the young man, however, that he is not suited to this withdrawn life (he had expected to write poems) and he arranges a transfer. He makes sure that his successor, also amiable, will carry on the lessons, and he walks from the village carrying in his hand a coin for the little servant. He cannot give it, though, for she passes him on the road and will not stop to speak.

In the second story, a self-satisfied young scholar (Soumitra Chatterjee of "Apu") home on vacation is goaded by his doting mother into selecting a bride. He will not accept the lumpish object of her choice, summons instead the local tomboy. Since the young man is conceited, innocent, resentful and inept, since the girl would rather climb trees or flirt from behind them than assume the dull disciplines respectability assigns to wives, the aftermath of the wedding is a shambles. Village propriety is scandalized, everyone concerned loses face, and it is only by luck and natural inclination that the young husband and wife are able, amid the uproar, to fall in love.

Pathos and sentiment, love and pain and human foolishness, all open and unashamed, are Mr. Ray's ingredients. He films them with a quiet pleasure in simple objects and small events. This firm but modest command of people and place produces a lyric eloquence not often seen. Some truths cannot be grasped except on the assumption that they are uncomplicated.

The foremost illusionist of the current theatre is Jean Genet. His plays, whatever their individual interests, have the purpose of forcing the spectator to admit that he is incompetent to discriminate between reality and dream. His work is therefore disconcerting, hostile, and the more so because, unlike many other dramatic deceivers, there is nothing playful about Genet. He is a liar, a cheat, by moral conviction.

But illusion is the sheerest of theatrical gauzes. It must be hung in the precise balance of ambiguity or it becomes either transparent or opaque—in either case the mystification blows off like fog and the trick is exposed.

That, briefly, is what happens in the screen version of *The Balcony*, directed by Joseph Strick and starring Shelley Winters and Peter Falk. The

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main structure of the play is retained: the bordello that caters more to fantasy than to sex, the revolution that eliminates the custodians of tradition and authority, the apotheosis of the hallucinated patrons of The Balcony to the now-vacant seats of power. But the film converts illusion into melodrama by enrolling the masquerade general, bishop and chief justice as cat's-paws of the police chief's desperate but quite real bid for power. And when the rebel leader appears at the brothel, intent on impersonating the police chief, the mirror-horror of the original degenerates into farce. It is true that the police chief retains a trace of his original bridging function, since he is as addicted to his real office as the fantasts are to their borrowed ones; but this has now become a political, not a philosophical, observation. In fact, the whole play has become overtly political, making the statement that the mob cares so little for courage, truth or justice that it will as readily cheer for the robes of leadership as for the leaders themselves. It is not a very profound insight, and a considerable falling off from Genet's vertiginous juxtaposition of the society of blood and the society of the brothel.

The film of *The Balcony* survives as a better-than-average entertainment. The machinery of the house is entertaining, the girls are picturesquely grotesque, the patrons are appealing, and Peter Falk, as the police chief, is an arresting bulk of emotional muscle. There are whiffs of horror, traces of irony, a bitter aftertaste of humor. Only Miss Winter, surprisingly, is deficient. She was asked to play a lesbian madame and apparently felt so ill suited to both aspects of the role that she sought safety by walking neutrally through the part.

Two Friends

I have something to tell you.
I'm listening.
I'm dying.
I'm sorry to hear.
I'm growing old.
It's terrible.
It is, I thought you should know.
Of course and I'm sorry. Keep in touch.
I will and you too.
And let me know what's new.
Certainly, though it can't be much.
And stay well.
And you too.
And go slow.
And you too.

David Ignatow

(*Continued from page 424*)

Wilfred Noyce's *To the Unknown Mountain* (Heinemann, 1962).

The climbing superiority of these authors is incontestable. The first three have all climbed the north face of Eiger. Noyce translated Rebuffat's book. Noyce died climbing in the Pamirs last year; Hermann Buhl in 1957 in the Karakorum. They know — or knew — climbing, but they do not tell very much.

Eiger in particular calls for a professional writer. The weather there is treacherous or, rather, murderous. Sudden avalanches or cloudbursts or lightnings can kill, but so can a sudden freeze or a sudden thaw or the continuous cannonade of falling rock, and the climb may take from one to six days. A horrible aspect of the 1957 tragedy was that for two years afterward one body, tied to the rock, hung visibly on the face of the mountain, until the local guides reluctantly went after it. For Eiger is like a stage where thousands can watch the dilettantes of suicide. Among this school of rake-hells and acrobats, there is considerable snobbery. They have turned mountaineering into a circus high-wire act where the performers are nightly recruited from the audience, and then scraped off the tanbark.

Himalayan mountaineering may not be superior to this, but it is very different from it. In the first place, it is expensive to get to the Himalayas, whereas a very poor man can afford to start up the north face of Eiger on any unexpected dawn; death is less democratic in the Himalayas.

Again, at 25,000 feet, an unacclimatized man will lose consciousness very quickly. This problem has been solved by the use of oxygen bottles which enabled Sir Edmund Hillary to surmount Everest in 1953. Hillary's books—the latest *High in the Thin Cold Air*, with Desmond Doig (Doubleday, 1962)—have the quality of a modest Eagle Scout's diary, yet he is describing superhuman feats. Much of Hillary's career has been spent in an area about the size of New York City into which are crowded Everest (29,002), Lhotse (27,890), Pethangtse (22,080), Makalu (27,790), Baruntse (23,570), Amadablam (22,310) and Chamlang (24,012). To men of his caliber, most of the peaks do not present much of a problem. He writes of climbing, in two days, three peaks over 21,000 feet high. Death in these zones takes on an abstract quality, as opposed to the circus perils of such climbs as Eiger.

But suddenly we must re-question even the purity of Himalayan mountaineering. For in June, 1962, four amateurs with their own $10,000, without oxygen, without the huge trains of Sherpas and porters, managed to get nearly to the top of Everest, very much in the spirit of a lark. The leader, Woodrow Wilson Sayre, and one other, had climbed McKinley, but the other two were strictly weekend moun-

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taineers. And here they were larking around at 20,000 feet within reach of the ultimate height, and Sayre got to 25,000 feet; but suddenly the good luck stopped, as it always does, and they saw death waiting for them. Still, this feat again revolutionized mountaineering and threatens to turn Everest into a drainpipe on a Cambridge University chapel. It is described in *Life* magazine, March 22, 1963.

In the subjective mists of mountaineering, one feels the desire for a few statistics, no matter how reliable. Such, based on figures provided by American and Swiss Alpine clubs, are given in a report by Dr. B. G. Ferris, Jr., in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, February 21, 1963. A rate of 2.04 accidents per 1,000 man-mountain days was calculated. This rate is comparable to that in skiing and four times higher than that in college football. However, of those involved in the mountaineering accidents, 28 per cent were killed. There were 268 deaths in the Alps in 1961. In the American data, it seemed apparent that climbing on snow and ice was far safer than climbing on rock, where 72 per cent of the deaths occurred, but even this is a tentative conclusion.

The most revealing information is contained in a table entitled "Ten Commonest Apparent Causes of Mountaineering Accidents in the U.S., 1951-1960," even though the numbers of cases are not large. Below are listed the causes, followed by number of accidents and number of deaths:

Slip on rocks	156	64
Slip on snow or ice	72	15
Falling rock or object	45	9
Avalanche	45	8
Failure in rappel	23	5
Uncontrolled glissade	20	1
Exposure—exhaustion	18	9
Lightning	11	5
Fall in crevasse	10	4

This table rounds out quite fully the mortal dangers of a storm on the mountain. One can do very little about the so-called "objective dangers"—the falling rocks washed loose, the avalanches and the lightning that does actually seek out a man on the mountain side. In such circumstances, one can see that heroism would be of small use. That leaves seriousness. If death cannot be heroic, it can still be, as we all know, quite serious.

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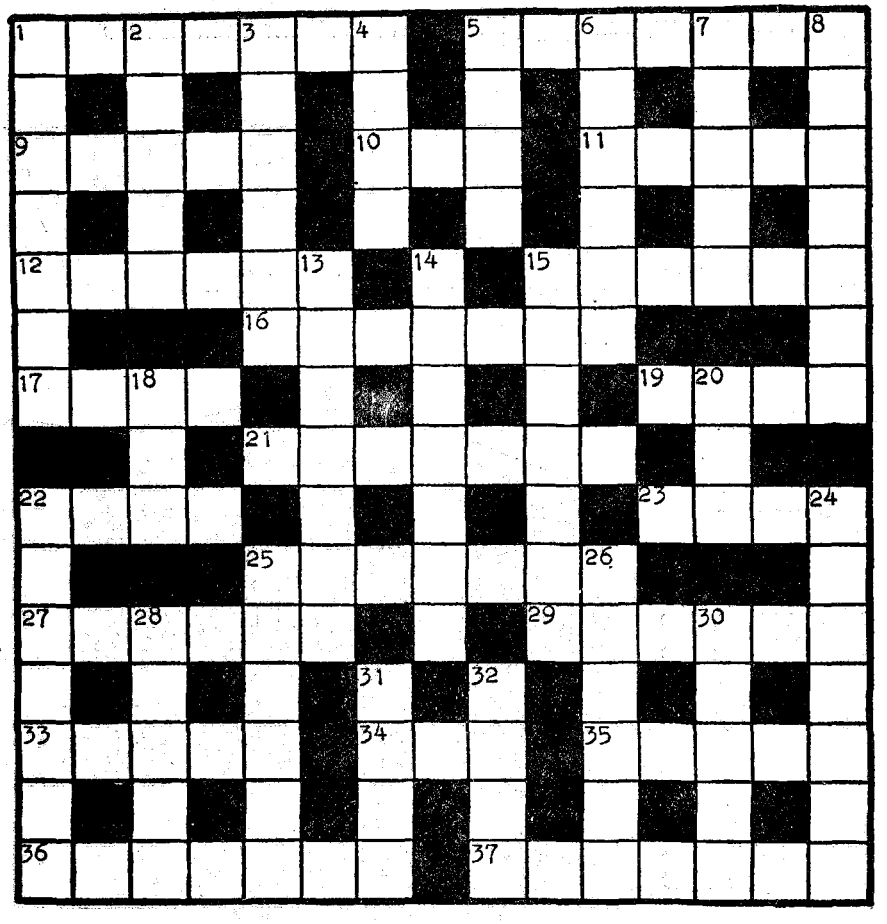
Crossword Puzzle No. 1011

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One who comes out with a hurt expression? Come out, then! (7)
5 You might find its crag is related to a temporary storage place for food. (7)
9 Descriptive of the genus Castor, as they say. (5)
11 and 12 Glossy, for example, and bound to be close. (5, 6)
15 A new hat might help in the case of a woman, alternatively in a man.
16 What the sergeant calls for a stretch? (7)
17 Boat designed for the southern collective, by the sound of it. (4)
19 and 22 Women do in "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," but they reputedly have fun. (8)
21 Get in trouble about a feature hopefully shown to an exclusively female audience? (7)
23 Did he say his mind was a kingdom, or just color things? (4)
27 E. B. B.'s silver one rang "Not Death, but Love." (6)
29 Give some thought afterwards to the last part of the carnival, as one understands. (6)
33 and 34 Come close to making a perfect picture of the listener, perhaps. (4, 4)
36 and 35 In the main, he doesn't start at the bottom, but he certainly hopes to rise ultimately. (4-3, 5)
37 Does it concentrate on characteristic properties? (7)

DOWN:

1 No they don't—they run! (Unless they're Santa's?) (7)
2 10 and 25 How to get "Thebe"—by Porter? (5, 3, 7)
3 Dissatisfaction with faulty tuners?
4 Ann, perhaps, took this with a final 18, or has at one time. (4)
5 Song of joy? (4)
6 What's in it might give life to the spirit, especially if the ship is wrecked and there is no return. (6)
7 She should be related to Rose. (5)
8 How we might safely follow the demonstrator, but not if it's on the road. (7)
13 What to do if a lass acts chilly in Scotland? (7)
14 This is awkward to add up, but there's probably some connection with it. (7)
15 Browning rather arbitrarily placed it at 30 down. (7)
18 and 20 Street song? (6)
22 Stigmatized—one might have to hold stock to make it so. (7)
24 The silence of the forest, perhaps.
25 It goes in and asks about people.
26 Wears a symbol of authority—look around, when rising. (6)
28 Model major, perhaps. (5)
31 Help, in a way, to make a star gamble on a production. (4)
32 Lake described during the revolution in Ireland? (4)

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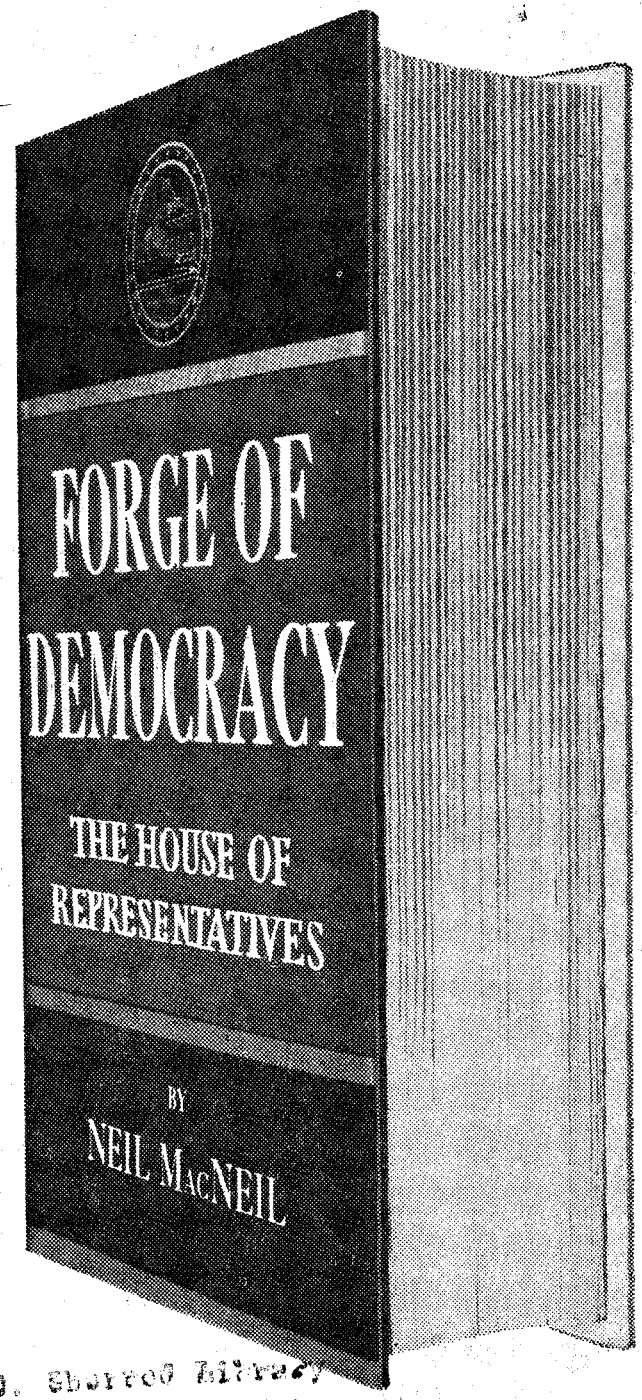

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